

E S S O N S
F O R
C H I L D R E N,
O F
H R E E Y E A R S O L D.

P A R T I I.

L O N D O N:

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L E S S O N S

FOR CHILDREN,

OF THREE YEARS OLD.

CHARLES, what a clever thing it is to read!

A little while ago, you know,

you could only read little

words ; and you were forced

to spell them---c--a--t, cat;
d--o--g, dog. Now you can
read pretty stories, and I am
going to write you some.

Do you know why you
are better than Pufs? pufs
can play as well as you ; and
Pufs can drink milk, and lie
upon the carpet ; and she

can run as fast as you, and faster too, a great deal; and she can climb trees better; and she can catch mice, which you cannot do. But can Pufs talk? No. Can Pufs read? No. Then that is the reason why you are better than Pufs---because

you can talk and read. Can
Pierrot, your dog, read?
No. Will you teach him?
Take the pin and point to
the words. No---he will not
learn. I never saw a little
dog or cat learn to read.
But little boys can learn. If
you do not learn, Charles,

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you are not good for half as
much as a Puffs. You had
better be drowned.

What a clock is it,
Charles? It is twelve o'clock.
It is noon. Come in the
garden then. Now where is

the sun? Turn your face towards him. Look at the sun; that is South. Always when it is twelve o'clock, and you look at the sun, your face is towards the South. Now turn to your left hand. Look forwards. That is East. In the morning, when

t is going to be light, you
 must look just there, and
 presently you will see the
 sun get up. Always in the
 morning look there for the
 sun ; for the sun rises in the
 east. Now turn your back
 to the sun. Look straight
 forwards. That is North.

Now turn to your left hand.
Look forwards. That is
West. When you have had
your supper, and it is going
to be night, look for the sun
just there. He is always
there when he goes to bed.
for the sun sets in the West.
North, South, East, West.

The wind blows. Which
way does the wind blow?
Take out your handkerchief.
Throw it up. The wind
blows it this way. The
wind comes from the North.
The wind is North. It is a

cold wind. The wind was
West yesterday, then it was
warm.

Rain comes from the
clouds. Look, there are
black clouds. How fast they
move along ! Now they

have hid the sun. They
have covered up the sun,
just as you cover up your
face when you throw a hand-
kerchief over it. There is
a little bit of blue sky still.
Now there is no blue sky at
all : it is all black with the
clouds. It is very dark,

like night. It will rain soon.
Now it begins. What large
drops! The ducks are very
glad, but the little birds are
not glad; they go and shelter
themselves under the
trees. Now the rain is over.
It was only a shower. Now
the flowers smell sweet, and

the sun shines, and the little
birds sing again, and it is
not so hot as it was before it
rained.

We will drink tea out of
doors. Bring the tea-things.
Come, fetch your hat. It

is very pleasant. But here
is no table. What must we
do? O, here is a large round
stump of a tree, it will do
very well for a table. But we
have no chairs. Here is a
seat of turf, and a bank al-
most covered with violets,
we shall sit here, and you

and Billy may lie on the

carpet. The carpet is in the

parlour. Yes, there is a

carpet in the parlour, but

there is a carpet here too.

What is it? The grass is

the carpet out of doors.

pretty green soft carpet!

and it is very large, for it

spreads every where, over
the fields, and over all the
meadows: and it is very
pleasant for the sheep and the
lambs to lie down upon.
They do not know what they
would do without it, for
they have no feather-bed
to sleep upon.

It is a pleasant evening.
Come hither, Charles, look
at the fun. The fun is in
the West. Yes, because he
is going to set. How pretty
the fun looks ! We can
look at him now ; he is not

so bright as he was at dinner
time, when he was up high
in the sky. And how beautiful
the clouds are ! There are
crimson clouds, and
purple and gold-coloured
clouds. Now the sun is going
down a great part of the
Now we can see only the

him. Now we cannot
him at all. Farewell, fun!
to-morrow morning.
But now, Charles, turn
your face the other way,
towards the East. What is it
that shines so behind the
sunset? Is it a fire? No,
it is the moon. It is very

large ; and how red it
like blood. The moon
round now because it is
moon ; but it will not
so round to-morrow night
it will lose a little bit :
the next night it will lose
little bit more ; and in
the next night ; and so

it is like your bow when
is bent : and it will not be
n till after you are in bed :
d it will grow less and less,
in a fortnight there will
no moon at all. Then,
er that, there will be a
w moon ; and you will
it in the afternoon ; and

it will be very thin at first
but it will grow rounder and
bigger every day, till at last
in another fortnight, it will
be a full moon again like the
and you will see it rise again
behind the trees.

Do you know what raisins are? They are grapes dried a great deal. Grapes, you know, grow upon vines; but raisins are made of larger grapes than those upon the vine in the garden: they

come from a great way off

Do you know what sugar

comes from? Sugar comes

from a cane like a walking

stick, that grows in the

ground; they squeeze the

juice out, and boil it a great

deal, and that makes sugar

And what is tea? Tea is

of that grows upon a shrub,
and that is dried a good deal.

Charles wants some bread
and butter---But the bread
not baked. Then bid
Christopher Clump heat his
oven and bake it---But the

loaf is not kneaded. The
bid little Margery take the
dough and knead it---But the
flour is not ground. The
take it to the mill, and bid
Roger the miller grind
---But the corn is not thresh
ed. Then bid John Dobbins
take his flail and thresh it-

But the corn is not reaped.

Then bid Dick Clodpole

take his sickle and cut it---

But the wheat is not sown.

Then bid Farmer Diggory

take the seed and sow it---

But the field is not plowed.

Then bid Ralph Wiseacre

take the horses and plow

it---But the plough is not
 made. Then go to Hum-
 phrey Hiccory, the carpenter
 and bid him make one---But
 there is never a plough-share
 Then bid Firebrass the smith
 go to his anvil and beat one
 ---But we have no butter
 Then go to market, Susan

and buy some—But the butter is not churned. Then take your churn, Dolly, and churn some---But the cow is not milked. Then take your pail, Cicely, and milk it. Now, Betty, pray spread Charles a slice of bread and butter.

Charles, do not you remember the caterpillar we put into a paper box, with some mulberry leaves for it to eat? Let us go and look at it. It is gone---here is no caterpillar---there is some

thing in the box; what is

it? I do not know. It is

re a little ball of yellow stuff.

we Let us cut it open, perhaps

with we may find the caterpillar.

r No, here is nothing but a

look strange little grub, and it is

s no dead, I believe, for it does

ome not move. Pinch it gently

by the tail. Now it stirs:
it is not dead quite. Charles,
this grub is your caterpillar;
it is indeed. That yellow
stuff is silk. The caterpillar
spun all that silk, and cover-
ed itself up with it; and then
it was turned into this grub.
Take it, and lay it in the

fun ; We will come and look
 at it again to-morrow morn-
 ing---Well, this is very sur-
 prising ! here is no grub at
 all to be found. Did not we
 put it on this sheet of paper
 last night ? Yes, we did.
 And nobody has been in
 the room to meddle with it.

No, nobody at all has been in the room. Is there nothing upon the sheet of paper? Yes, here is a white butterfly. I wonder how it came here, for the windows are shut. Perhaps the grub is turned into a butterfly. It is, indeed; and look, here

the empty shell of the
 grub. Here is where the
 butterfly came out. But the
 butterfly is too big; this
 shell could not hold him.
 Yes, it did, because his
 wings were folded up, and
 he lay very snug. It is the
 same, I assure you, Charles;

all the pretty butterflies that
you see flying about were
caterpillars once, and crawled
ed on the ground.

Charles, you must not go
out into the fields by your-
self, nor without leave

that you are a very little boy,
when you know ; and if you were
to venture out by yourself
you would be lost ; then you
would cry, and night would
come, and it would be dark,
and you could not find your
way home, and you would
have no bed ; you would be

forced to lie down in the fields upon the cold wet grass, and perhaps you would die, and that would be a sad tale to tell.

I will tell you a story about a lamb. There was once a shepherd, who had great many sheep and lambs

He took a great deal of care
of them, and gave them
sweet fresh grafs to eat, and
clear water to drink ; and if
they were sick he was very
good to them ; and when
they climbed up a steep hill,
and the lambs were tired, he
used to carry them in his

arms ; and when they were
all eating their suppers in the
field, he used to sit upon
a stile, and play them a tune
and sing to them ; and
they were the happiest sheep
and lambs in the whole world.
But every night this shepherd
used to pen them

were in a fold. Do you know
what a sheep-fold is? Well,
I will tell you. It is a place
like the court; but instead
of pales there are hurdles,
which are made of sticks that
will bend, such as osier twigs;
and they are twisted and
made very fast, so that no-

thing can creep in, and nothing can get out. Well, and so every night, when it grew dark and cold, the shepherd called all his flock, sheep and lambs, together, and drove them into the fold, and penned them up, and there they lay as snug and

no- warm and comfortable as
 and could be, and nothing could
 rew get in to hurt them, and the
 herd dogs lay round on the out-
 side to guard them, and to
 bark if any body came near;
 fold, and in the morning the shep-
 and herd unpenned the fold, and
 and let them all out again.

Now they were all very happy as I told you, and loved the shepherd dearly that was so good to them—all except one foolish little lamb. And this lamb did not like to be shut up every night in the fold; and she came to her mother, who

very was a wise old sheep, and
and did to her, I wonder why
early we are shut up so every night!
m- the dogs are not shut up,
little and why should we be shut
dip? I think it is very hard,
every and I will get away if I can,
d the am resolved, for I like to
wh n about where I please,

and I think it is very pleasant in the woods by moonlight. Then the old shepherd said to her, you are very silly you little lamb, you had better stay in the fold. The shepherd is so good to us that we should always do as he bids us ; and if you wand

about by yourself, I dare say
 you will come to some harm.
 I dare say not, said the little
 lamb : and so when the even-
 ing came, and the shepherd
 called them all to come into
 the fold, she would not come,
 but crept slyly under a hedge
 and hid herself; and when

the rest of the lambs were all in the fold and fast asleep. she came out, and jumped and frisked, and danced about ; and she got out of the field, and got into a forest full of trees, and a very fierce wolf came rushing out of a cave and howled very

were loud. Then the silly lamb
wished she had been shut up
in the fold ; but the fold
was a great way off---and the
wolf saw her, and seized
her, and carried her away to
a dismal dark den, all cover-
ed with bones and blood ;
and there the wolf had two

cubs, and the wolf said to them, Here, I have brought you a young fat lamb---and so the cubs took her, and growled over her a little while, and then tore her to pieces, and ate her up.

Gold is of a deep yellow
colour. It is very pretty
and bright. It is exceeding
heavy ; heavier than any
thing else. Men dig it out
of the ground. Shall I take
my spade and get some? No,

there is none in the field
hereabouts: It comes from
a great way off; and it lies
deeper a great deal than you
could dig with your spade.
Guineas are made of gold
and half guineas. This water
is gold; and the looking
glass frame, and the picture

frames are gilt with gold.
Here is some leaf gold. What
is leaf gold ? It is gold beat
very thin ; thinner than
leaves or paper.

Silver is white and shining.
The spoons are silver ; and
the waiter is silver ; and
crowns, and half crowns,

and shillings, and sixpences
are made of silver. Silver
comes from a great way off
too.

Copper is red. The kettle
and pots are made of
copper; and brass is made
of copper. Brass is bright
and yellow, like gold almost.

This fauce-pan is made of
 silver; and the locks upon the
 door, and this candlestick.

What is this green upon the
 fauce-pan? It is rusty; the
 green is verdigrise; it would
 kill you if you were to eat

Iron is very hard. It is not pretty, but I do not know what we should do without it, for it makes up a great many things. Go and ask the cook whether she can roast her meat without a spit. Well, what does she say? She says she can

t is not. But the spit is made
of iron ; and so are the tongs,
and the poker, and shovel.
Go and ask Dobbin if he can
plow without the plough-
share. Well, what does he
say ? He says No, he can-
not. But the plough-share
made of iron. Will iron

melt in the fire? Put the
poker in and try. Well, is
it melted? No; but it is
red hot, and soft; it will
bend. But I will tell you
Charles; Iron will melt in
a very very hot fire when it
has been in a great while
then it will melt. Come

Let us go to the smith's shop.
What is he doing? He has
it in a forge: he blows the fire
with a great pair of bellows
to make the iron hot. Now
it is hot. Now he takes it
out with the tongs, and puts
it upon the anvil. Now he
beats it with a hammer.

How hard he works ! The sparks fly about : pretty bright sparks ! What is the blacksmith making ? He is making nails, and horse shoes and a great many things.

Steel is made of iron. Steel is very bright, and sharp and hard.

Knives and sciffors are made
of steel.

Lead is soft, and very
heavy. Here is a piece : lift
it. There is lead in the case-
ment ; and the spout is lead,
and the cistern is lead, and
bullets are made of lead.
Will lead melt in the fire ?

Try : put some on the shovel : hold it over the fire. Now it is all melted. Pour it into this basin of water. How it hisses ? What pretty things it has made !

Tin is white and soft. It is bright too. The canisters and the dripping pan, and

the reflector are all covered
with tin.

Pour Quickfilver is very bright
like filver ; and it is very
heavy. See how it runs
about ! You cannot catch
it. You cannot pick it up.
There is quickfilver in the
and barometer.

Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron,
Lead, Tin Quicksilver
One, two, three, four, five,
six, seven---What ? Metals---
They are all dug out of the
ground.

Iron,

Silver

five

als—

f the

knife ;

an cut

marble,

green,

Marble is dug out of the
ground. It is very hard :
you cannot cut it with a
knife ; but the stone cutter
can cut it. There is white
marble, and black, and
green, and red, and yellow

marble. The chimney piece is made of marble, and the monument in the church.

Stones come out of the ground, and flints. Here are two flints: they are very hard: strike them both together. Ah! here is fire; here are sparks. Gravel is dug

out of gravel pits. They
put it into carts, and then
make gravel walks with it,
or else mend the roads with
it. Chalk and fuller's earth
are dug out of the ground.
Coals come out of the ground.
Men dig great deep pits, and
so they go down into them,

and get the coal with pick-axes, and bring it up. Those men are colliers : they are very black, but I do not know how we should do for coals to make a fire without them. A great many things come out of the ground, sure it is very deep ! Yes

pick- it is very deep. If you were
chose to dig a hundred years, you
are would never come to the
no bottom, it is so deep.

do for Charles, here is a ring for
thou you to play with. See how
thing sparkles! Hold it against
ound e fun. I see all colours
Yes it, What is this bright

shining stone? It is
diamond. It is very hard
you may write upon the glass
with it. A Ruby is red
bright crimson red. A
Emerald is green. A Topaz
is yellow. A Sapphire
blue. The Amethyst
purple. The Garnet is red

The Beryl is light green.

All these are dug out of the

earth. They are called jew-

els---precious stones. And

there is a white round bead,

which is very pretty ; it is

in an ear-ring. What is it ?

It is a pearl. And does that

come out of the ground too ?

No, it comes out of the sea.
 Pearls are found in oyster
 shells.

Will stones melt in the
 fire? No.

Does glass come out of
 the ground? No. People
 make glass in a glass-house.
 They have great fires burning

e fe all day and all night. You
yfte shall go to a glafs-house
ome day and see them make
n. t.

out
Peop A tree has a root that goes
-hou under the ground a great
ourni way. The roots are like

its legs: the tree could not stand without it. Then the tree has a trunk; a large, thick, straight trunk. That is its body. Then the tree has branches. Those are like arms. They spread out very far. Then there are boughs; and upon the

oughs leaves and blossoms.

Here is a blossom upon the
apple-tree. Will the blos-

om be always upon the tree?

No, it will fall off soon:

perhaps it will fall off to-

night. But then do you

now what comes instead of

the blossom? What? The

fruit. After the apple-blossoms there will be apples. Then if the blossom falls off to-night, shall I come here and get an apple to-morrow? No, you must have patience: there will not be ripe apples a great while yet. There will be

first a little little thing hard-
y bigger than a pin's head:
that will swell, and grow
igger every day, and harder,
ll at last it will come to be
great apple. But you
must not eat it yet; you
must let it hang till the sun
as made it red, and till you

can pull it off easily. Now
it is ripe ; it is as red as your
cheeks. Now gather it and
eat it.

Has a flower a root too ?
Yes : here is a cowslip ; we
will pull it up. See, here
are roots like strings ; here
is the stem of the cowslip ;

here is the foot-stalk ; here
is the flower-cup ; here are
the leaves of the flower ; and
a pretty flower it is : fine
yellow with crimson spots.
Here are the seeds. If the
seeds are put in the ground,
when they are ripe, another
flower will grow up.

A she Horfe is a Mare

A young Horfe is a Colt.

very young horfe is a Foal.

A she Lion is a Lioness.

Tyger, Tygres.

Bull, Cow, Calf, Ox.

Boar, Sow, Pig, Hog,

Sheep, Ram, Ewe, Lamb,

Wether.

Dog, Bitch, Puppy,

Whelp.

Cat, Kitten.

Cock, Hen, Chicken.

Gander, Goose, Gosling.

Drake, Duck, Duckling.

Eagle, Eaglet.

Stag, Buck, Doe, Hart,
Hind, Fawn.

Hare, Leveret.

The Lion lives in a den.
He is very strong. He has
a great deal of thick yellow
hair about his neck. That

rt, his mane. He has very
sharp claws; they would
ear you to pieces. Look
t him. He is very angry.
ee, he lashes his sides with
his tail: his eyes sparkle like
ha re. He roars: how loud
low e roars! It is very terrible.
Cha le shews his sharp teeth.

His tongue is very rough.
The Lion sleeps all day in
his den. When it is night
he comes out, and prowls
about to find something to
eat. He eats cows, and
sheep, and horses : and he
would eat you too, if you
were within his reach. The

gh. Lioness has no mane. She
in is like a great dog. Any
ght body would be afraid of a
wls Lion if he was to come.
to Yes, any body would be
and afraid of a Lion, Charles :
he but you need not be afraid
you of dogs, they are good crea-
The tures. I will tell you a
story.

There was once a little boy, who was a sad coward. He was afraid of every thing almost. He was afraid of the two little kids, Nanny and Billy, when they came and put their noses through the pales of the court; and he would not pluck Billy by the beard. What a fill

little boy he was! Pray
what was his name? Nay,
indeed I shall not tell you
his name, for I am ashamed
of him. Well, he was very
much afraid of dogs too:
he always cried if a dog
barked, and ran away, and
took hold of his mamma's
apron like a baby. What a

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foolish fellow he was! for
dogs do not hurt, you know;
they love little boys, and
play with them. Did you
ever see a dog eat up a little
boy? No, never, I dare
say. Well; so this simple
little boy was walking by
himself one day, and a pret-
ty black dog came out of

for house, and said Bow wow,
w; wow wow; and came to
and the little boy, and jumped
you upon him, and wanted to
ttle play with him; but the
dare ttle boy ran away. The
nple dog ran after him, and cried
by louder, Bow, bow, wow;
pret but he only meant to say,
of Good-morrow, how do you

do? but this little boy was
sadly frightened, and ran
away as fast as ever he could,
without looking before him,
and he tumbled into a very
dirty ditch, and there he lay
crying at the bottom of the
ditch, for he could not get
out: and I believe he would
have lain there all day, but

the dog was so good-natured,
that he went to the house
where the little boy lived,
on purpose to tell them
where he was. So when he
came to the house, he
scratched at the door, and
said, Bow wow; for he
could not speak any plainer.
So they opened the door.

What do you want, you
black dog? We do not know
you. Then the dog went
to Ralph the servant, and
pulled him by the coat, and
pulled him till he brought
him to the ditch; and the
dog and Ralph together got
the little boy out of the
ditch; but he was all over

mud, and quite wet, and
every body laughed at him
because he was a coward.

Now, Charles, my pen is
dried, I cannot write any
more at present, but if you
are a good boy, perhaps I
may write you some more
stories another time. Farewell.

THE END.

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